

The Baby Monitor

Category: The Middle of the Night
written by Diane Hage | October 27, 2016

My parents slept together in the room next to mine for the last three years. They passed away this spring within three weeks of each other.

I invaded their privacy at night because I was so afraid I'd miss them gasping for breath or crying out in pain. I bought a baby monitor.

Every night I'd listen to Dad tell Mommy how much he loved her, and every dawn I heard him sing her awake. I never heard anything but love coming out of that room. No pain, no medical emergencies.

After they were gone, I still listened. It took me months to sleep through the night.

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